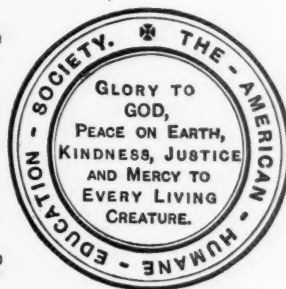


# Our Dumb Animals.

"The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," "The American Humane Education Society," and "The American Bands of Mercy."

"WE SPEAK FOR  
THOSE THAT



CANNOT SPEAK  
FOR THEMSELVES."

I would not enter on my list of friends,  
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,  
Yet wanting sensibility, the man  
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.—COWPER.

Vol. 32.

Boston, February, 1900.

No. 9.



WINTER IN NORTHERN NEW ENGLAND. From "Golden Days," Philadelphia.

## HORSES IN WAR.

[From "The London Times."]

It is said that Englishmen love a horse. How comes it then that in war time any amount of money can be, and is, collected to alleviate the sufferings of our wounded soldiers, whilst little or nothing is done for our wounded horses left on the battlefield?

The accounts are heart-rending that we hear of their sufferings, mangled and helpless, slowly bleeding to death; or, when so disabled as to be unable to rise, dying from hunger and thirst.

What a debt we owe our horses! What trust, confidence and love they give us! and, having gained this, how basely we betray them. We teach them, contrary to their instinct, that the flashing of steel, the waving of plumes and flags, the roar of guns, and all the circumstance of war will not harm them whilst in our care; then one day, in a quarrel that is none of theirs, we ride them into battle, the guns and steel wound and mangle them, and they find themselves abandoned to lingering and agonizing death.

An officer was crossing a battlefield two days after an engagement, when a horse came up to him and laid its head upon his folded arms. The officer pushed it off, but the horse again laid its head upon his arms; again he

pushed it off, and then observed that his arm was covered with blood. He examined the horse and found that the whole of its under jaw had been blown off, and calling to one of his men he gave him an order to shoot the horse at once. This is only an instance of the kind of animal suffering that is now going on every day in South Africa.

Contrast the two following stories that have appeared in the columns of the daily papers, illustrating the horse's behavior to man and man's treatment of the horse. In the recent Indian frontier war we read that retreating, hotly pursued, an officer was hit and fell from his horse. The horse, finding presently that his master was gone, left his companions and returned in the face of the firing to his master's side. The officer was able to remount and succeeded in escaping. In the present campaign we read of an officer in like circumstances whose horse was hit in the back and fell paralyzed in the hind quarters. The officer, leaving his horse on the ground, was, however, able by running, to reach safety on an armored train. We do not learn that a bullet was put in the horse's brain, or that any care or thought was given to the long-drawn-out agony of his lingering death.

Is it not the duty of horse-loving England to institute corps to visit every battlefield, with the Ambulance Corps, to succor or destroy every animal found thereon? This should be done at the charge of the nation; but if the Government will not do its duty, let those of us who see it join together to do what we can. I for one am ready and anxious to contribute to a fund for the purpose. Who will help, and at once?

LAURENCE W. PIKE.

Furzebrook, Wareham, Dorset.

[War is hell to horses and equally so to mules, of whom we see that 1500 have been recently shipped from New Orleans to South Africa on a single steamer.]

#### THE TRIP OF THE TRANSPORT SIAM FROM SAN FRANCISCO TO MANILA.

Additional particulars of the terrible trip of the transport Siam, en route from San Francisco to Manila, have been received in this country. The Siam left San Francisco on August 19th with 400 horses for the army in the Philippines. On October 1st a terrific typhoon was encountered near Guam Island, four days from Manila. The storm broke at one o'clock in the morning and at the first roll of the vessel the horses stampeded. Wave after wave crashed over the decks of the steamer, throwing the animals about, breaking their legs and otherwise maiming them. The scene was frightful. The vessel was uncontrollable and it was next to impossible for anyone to stand on deck, it was so slippery with blood and debris. Three hundred and fifty horses were killed and their bodies remained on deck for four days before they could be disposed of.

Buffalo Horse World.

War is possible only because men have not the imagination to realize its horrors. Were they able to do that they would shrink from it as they do from private murder.

Philadelphia North American.

#### NO MORE IMPORTANT QUESTION.

We think there is no more important question at this time in this world of ours for the prevention of suffering, both to human beings and the [so-called] lower animals, and almost every form of crime, than how best to stop these wars which are so widely threatening the progress of humanity and civilization.

Nations, like individuals, are powerful in the degree that they command the sympathies of their neighbors.

And the Lord said unto Cain, Where is Abel thy brother? — *Genesis, chapter 4th.*

"And the Lord said unto Cain, 'Where is Abel thy brother?' And he said, 'I know not: Am I my brother's keeper?' And the Lord said, 'What hast thou done? the voice of thy brother's blood crieth unto me from the ground. And now art thou cursed from the earth, which hath opened her mouth to receive thy brother's blood from thy hand.'"

In our January issue we republished from the December *Century* a poem by James Jeffrey Roche, "*Where is thy brother, Cain?*" which has attracted such wide attention that we repeat the last three verses:

When the volleys of hell are sweeping  
The sea and the battle plain,  
Do you think that our God is sleeping,  
And never to wake again?

When hunger and ravenous fever  
Are slaying the wasted frame,  
Shall we worship the red deceiver,  
The devil that men call Fame?

We may swing the censor to cover  
The odor of blood — in vain;  
God asks us, over and over,  
"Where is thy brother — Cain?"

We have not read for years a poem that has more deeply touched our heart. Several of its sentences like:

"Do you think that our God is sleeping,  
And never to wake again?"

sound like a great cathedral bell calling the thoughts of the thoughtful from miserable party politics to earnest and patriotic prayer.

It has gone in our January issue to every newspaper and magazine in North America north of Mexico, to all members of Congress and our Legislature, and the many thousands of others who receive our paper every month, and we hope and trust it will do good.

#### WHAT JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL WROTE.

"Ez fer war, I call it murder—  
There you hev it plain an' flat;  
I don't want to go no furdur  
Than my Testament fer that;

'Tain't your epyplets an' feathers  
Make the thing a grain more right;  
'Tain't a-follerin' your bell-wethers  
Will excuse ye in His sight;  
Ef you take a sword an' dror it,  
An' go stick a feller thru,  
Guv'ment ain't to answer fer it,  
God will send the bill to you."

#### A SHORT LESSON FOR SCHOOLS AND SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.



Well, what are these men at?  
These men are at war.  
Will not these men kill each other?  
Yes, they will. Men go to war to kill each other.  
Did these men who are fighting get up the war?  
Oh, no; the politicians got up the war.  
Had these men who are fighting any cause to dislike each other?  
Oh, no; none whatever.  
Have these men who are fighting, fathers and mothers and wives and children?  
Oh, yes; many of them.  
Is war bad for horses as well as men?  
Yes; horses have no hospitals or ambulance corps or pensions; they are not unfrequently left on battlefields to die of starvation. War is hell for horses.  
Is it right for men to fight and kill each other and thousands of horses in war?  
The United States says it is, and England says it is, and they go a long way across the ocean to fight and kill, and say they are doing right.

#### "SUPPOSE."

We see in our daily papers that the Boer General, Joubert, preaches on Sundays to his men, and that a Boer prayer-meeting was disturbed by a Lyddite shell, and this leads to the thought:

Suppose the clergy of all religious denominations in Great Britain and the United States would earnestly pray [in their pulpits and closets] the Lord to stop these wars—suppose great union prayer-meetings of the various religious denominations would be held to join in those prayers—suppose all clergymen in Great Britain and the United States would send from their parishes petitions to their members of Parliament and members of Congress to use every means for the immediate stopping of these wars—suppose every Christian church in Great Britain and America should demand peace on earth and good will to all human beings and God's lower creatures, how many members of Parliament or of Congress would be found in favor of wars?—and how many in favor of arbitration?

GEO. T. ANGELL.

#### DIVINE AID IN BATTLE.

[From Boston Journal, January 21st.]

God is not always with the strongest battalions—the race is not always to the swift nor the battle to the strong. *The triumphs of days are not the victory of years*, and the advantage of one moment may only add to the confusion which is to follow. Napoleons may glory in an Austerlitz, but the future has in store for them a Waterloo. *The prayers which God heeds are not answered in a day.* Years may be needed to bring the plans of the Infinite to fruition.

"The fool hath said in his heart there is no God."



## WHAT SAMANTHA ALLEN SAYS ABOUT WAR.

[From Will Carleton's Magazine.]

"I don't know how you feel, Josiah, but it looks bad to me to see the two great Christian nations of the world engaged in all the horrors and bloody agony of war, and each on 'em fightin' agin a smaller nation, and middlin' peaceable ones so far as I know. If a great foe should rise agin us, Josiah, and all efforts for peace should fail, then mebbly the Lord would be willin' for us to drive 'em from our borders at the edge of the sword, but to fight for conquest, or greed, is different."

"I tell you, Samantha, you hain't got the right on't; America had to fight the Philippines to protect 'em and carry the gospel to 'em, and England had to see that them Outlandish men could vote, and they're bound to civilize Africa. The English do a good deal to advance the cause of religion; they're bound that this little nation of Boers shall be civilized and enjoy religion as they want 'em to."

"They trust in God, Josiah, if they are a little people, and if they should triumph over a giant foe as Israel did so many times helped by the God of battle, would it not help the world to hev faith in God? Sez I, Read their battle-hymn:

"Our strength is in our God of hosts,  
Our times are in His hand;  
The wrath of man that idly boasts  
We fear not in the Rand.  
From farming dale, from soil and loam,  
We're coming, God of Might,  
The ramparts of our mountain home  
To shield. Guard thou the right."

"Well," sez he, "all I meant wuz it hain't wimmen's spear (sphere) to talk about war."

"No, I know what wimmen's spear is in war time; it is to have her heart go to the front with them she loves; to suffer and die with 'em, only her'n is a livin' death, ten times worse to bear, to endure and suffer all the calamities that folter war. To be taxed for money to carry on an undertakin' her soul loathes—I guess I know what wimmen's spear is in war."

Sez Josiah: "Wimmen can't understand such things, Samantha; their minds hain't built right."

Sez I, sadly: "Mebby that's so, Josiah; mebbly my mind hain't built right to see the beauty of two great nations, pledged to peace and enlightenment, waging bloody wars six months after a Peace Conference. They say they believe the Bible and want to carry it to benighted nations of the globe. But how are the savages goin' to believe 'em when they preach that the religion of Jesus is peaceable, long suffering, forgiving, and then pitch at 'em with cannons and swords?"

Josiah got right up and sez he: "I'm going to bed; they hain't no use of argyin' with wimmen, they can't argy fair, it hain't in 'em." And he wound up the clock and went to bed.

## MRS. KRUGER AND THE BIRDS.

Mr. Kruger, the ruler or president of the Boers in South Africa, has a wife who is very fond of animals. Some time ago the Boers wished to raise a statue of their president, and the sculptor who was to make it brought some drawings of her husband to Mrs. Kruger to see which she liked best. The pictures showed him in his every-day clothes, with the tall hat which he always wears. When Mrs. Kruger saw this, she asked that the top of the crown of the hat should be made hollow, so that after rain the birds might be able to drink out of it. This was done, and now whenever a welcome shower has fallen a little cloud of birds may be seen fluttering round the top of the Kruger statue, drinking and bathing in the crown of the hat.—From *Animal Friends*, London, England.

"Blessed are the peace-makers."

## HERESY AND WAR.

Some time since, while a prominent western Massachusetts clergyman was on trial for heresy, two old ladies of his church held a conversation, thus reported:

"What is the matter with our minister?"

"Well, they say he don't believe in everlasting punishment."

"What does he believe in?"

"Well, they say he believes in some punishment."

"How long?"

"Oh, I don't know; perhaps a thousand years or so."

"Well, that's better than nothing."

We do not profess to know the duration of future punishment; but speaking for the tens of thousands of horses and mules that are tormented and innocently suffer and die in unnecessary wars and cannot tell their sufferings, we do say that no convicts in our prisons are deserving of greater or longer punishment in this world or the next than the men who get up and keep up these unnecessary wars.

GEO. T. ANGELL.



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## OUR HORSE IN PEACE.

[From "We Four Girls," published by Lee & Shepard, Boston.]

## DO WE NEED ARMIES?

Answer. Only for home protection and defence, never for foreign conquest.

Cultivate the spirit of true patriotism in all our schools and we shall never [in a just cause] want men to maintain the right.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

## WASHINGTON, D. C.

We are glad to learn from Mrs. Armour, of the Washington Humane Society, that seven hundred and twenty-five "Bands of Mercy" have now been formed in the city of Washington, with a membership of thirty thousand five hundred and thirty-eight, and that she has distributed over 78,000 pages of humane literature in the past year.

During the past month our Massachusetts "Band of Mercy" organizer, Mr. Leach, has formed 67 new "Bands of Mercy" in Massachusetts, and our Western "Band of Mercy" organizer, Mr. Hubbard, has formed 153 "Bands" in Illinois. Our total number now formed is 40,296.

"Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, good will toward men."

## THE CHRISTMAS FIGHT.

[From Boston Herald editorial of Jan. 1, 1900.]

"It would seem that, in this murderous war between the British and the Boers, even Christmas day was stained with bloodshed, and deeply, too. One might have thought that the anniversary of the birth of our Lord, a day which all Christians hold in special reverence as a season of peace and good will toward men, might have been observed, at least by an informal suspension of hostilities.

Taking British and Boers together, there will soon be near upon a quarter of a million men engaged in killing one another, in a quarrel which, if reason had ruled the hour, should have been settled without burning a cartridge."

## GREAT BRITAIN.

It seems to us that Great Britain would stand better before the civilized world to-day if the millions of dollars she is now spending in destroying lives in South Africa were being spent in saving the lives of millions of her starving subjects in India, and so, perhaps, preventing a bubonic or other plague which may curse all nations.

We know Great Britain may reply that we are equally guilty in regard to the unnecessary starvation, suffering and destruction of life in Cuba and the Philippines, the consequences of which and punishment for which we as a nation may yet see. The Almighty does not always settle His accounts in a day or a year.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

## OUR DUMB ANIMALS.

Boston, February, 1900.

ARTICLES for this paper may be sent to  
GEO. T. ANGELL, President, 19 Milk St.

## BACK NUMBERS FOR DISTRIBUTION.

Persons wishing *Our Dumb Animals* for gratuitous distribution can send us five cents to pay postage, and receive ten copies, or ten cents and receive twenty copies. We cannot afford larger numbers at this price.

## TEACHERS AND CANVASSERS.

Teachers can have *Our Dumb Animals* one year for twenty-five cents.

Persons wishing to canvass for the paper will please make application to this office.

Our American Humane Education Society sends this paper this month to the editors of over twenty thousand newspapers and magazines.

## OUR AMBULANCE

Can be had at any hour of the day or night by calling Telephone 992 Tremont.

Horse owners are expected to pay reasonable charges.

In emergency cases of severe injury, where owners are unable to pay, the ambulance will be sent at the expense of the Society.

## SUBSCRIPTIONS AND REMITTANCES.

We would respectfully ask all persons who send us subscriptions or remittances to examine our report of receipts, which is published in each number of our paper, and if they do not find the sums they have sent properly credited, kindly notify us.

If correspondents fail to get satisfactory answers please write again, and on the envelope put the word "Personal."

My correspondence is now so large that I can read only a small part of the letters received, and seldom long ones.  
GEO. T. ANGELL.

We are glad to report this month two hundred and forty-eight new branches of our Parent Band of Mercy, making a total of forty thousand two hundred and ninety-six.



## NEW BAND OF MERCY BADGES.

There having been a wide call for cheaper Band of Mercy badges, we have succeeded in adding to the kinds we have been using a new badge in the two sizes above represented. They are very handsome—a white star on a blue ground, with gilt letters, and we sell them at bare cost, five for ten cents, in money or postage stamps, or larger numbers at same price. We cannot attend to smaller orders than five.

## HUMANE EDUCATION AND PROTECTION OF ANIMALS.

At the January meeting of the directors of the American Humane Education Society, and the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, held on the 17th ult., President Angell reported that the Society's city agents had during the month attended to 2560 cases, taken 64 horses from work, and mercifully killed 124 horses and other animals; and the country agents, since last report, had attended to 1209 cases, taken 367 animals from work, and mercifully killed 363 horses and other animals.

Two hundred and forty-eight new "Bands of Mercy" have been formed during the month in Massachusetts and other States, making a total of 40,296.

## SLIPPERY STREETS.

On January 12th [as everybody in Boston knows] our streets were so slippery that in some of them boys were skating.

We are glad to say, that with kind consideration to the horses and our Society, Mr. Daniel A. Dugan of the Paving Department caused over 350 barrels of gravel and ashes to be distributed in the most slippery places.

## NOSE-BAGS FOR HORSES.

A great many nose-bags now being used to feed horses are unsuited for that purpose.

We respectfully ask our readers to examine nose-bags which they may see on the streets and, when unsuitable, endeavor to have them changed.

## TO SAVE LIVES FROM BURNING BUILDINGS.

We have several times in past years given in this paper suggestions for saving lives from burning buildings.

Will any of our readers kindly tell us whether any fire-proof cloth has been or can be invented out of which light wraps may be made to cover body, head and feet quickly, night or day, and so aid in saving lives from burning buildings.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

## ATHENS, GREECE.

We are pleased to receive on Jan. 9th, from the Greek Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, a request to send them humane publications to be translated into the Greek language for use in that country. Our Greek edition of "Black Beauty" has already a considerable circulation.

## MEXICO.

We are glad to receive on January 6 an order for 50 copies of Spanish "Black Beauty" to be sent to Mexico, together with a variety of our other publications.

## ONE ORDER.

We are glad to have brought to our table this morning an order from one good lady on Staten Island, N. Y., for 849 copies of "Black Beauty," 122 copies of "The Strike at Shane's," and 268 copies of "Our Gold Mine at Hollyhurst," making in all 1239 volumes.

## THE CIRCULATION OF "BLACK BEAUTY."

It gives us pleasure to show at our offices among our translations of "Black Beauty" in numerous languages, copies of its translation into Hindustani [the language of hundreds of millions], and into Telugu [the language of some ninety millions], and into the modern Greek, and into the Spanish,

which we are now endeavoring to send to all Spanish-speaking countries, and into the Italian language, where the sending of a thousand copies for use in the schools of Naples led to its being printed in Italy and to the formation of an Italian Humane Education Society somewhat similar to our own.

We have also copies of our "Band of Mercy" cards and pictures in use in various parts of the world, including South Africa where this terrible war is now raging.

## RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.

We are glad to learn on this Jan. 12th of the good work being done by the recently organized Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in Richmond, Virginia, of which Mr. Ira Mowery is the president.

We remember three things in Richmond with pleasure:

1. The privilege we had of addressing the High School of that city some years ago.
2. The privilege we had of addressing the annual meeting of the National Grange in the Virginia State Capitol in that city.
3. The privilege we had of seeing the children coming from all parts of the city to feed the beautiful gray squirrels, of which there might have been some hundreds in the grounds around that State Capitol.

## FOR THE HORSES.

Dip the bridle bits in water in winter weather before putting them in the horses' mouths. If you doubt the necessity put your tongue to a frosty nail.

Use oil on the wagon in winter. Axle-grease stiffens in cold weather—becomes dry and hard.

Uncheck while standing, and blanket in cold weather.

Horses like a kind voice, and are not deaf as a rule. Don't yell at them.

Horses get tired and nervous and hungry and thirsty. Give them good beds to sleep on.

Don't make the load too heavy.

Sharpen their shoes in icy weather.

Give them always a lunch at noon.

## CRUELTY IN OUR COLLEGES.

We have on our table this morning a letter from a gentleman belonging to the Society of Friends, asking us to urge a stringent law against hazing in our colleges.

We have been urging this, as our readers know, for several years. On this same morning we find in one of our exchanges the following:

"The humor of the college youth is subtle. One day last week, by way of a merry practical jest, some Harvard boys planted an infernal machine in Sanders Theatre, where it went off in the middle of a symphony concert, attended by an audience of men, women and children. The joke was not wholly successful, because nobody was killed, though there was a fine panic for a little while."

## ADMIRAL DEWEY.

One of the books in our college course was "Paley's Natural Theology," which commenced "If you were walking over a heath and should stumble upon a watch what would you think?"—the answer being that as it showed design there must be a designer.

One of our college boys, who had unfortunately not studied his lesson, was unexpectedly called upon and being considerably flustered could only answer that he should think that he was "mighty lucky."

Taking into account the house—the loving cups—the sword—the watch—the largely increased pay—the very large amount of prize-money—and perhaps some other things—it seems as though Admiral Dewey might consider himself, on the whole, mighty lucky. But after all we don't envy him. We like our business a good deal better. Indeed we like it so much that we would not exchange it for the business of the Czar of Russia, the Emperor of Germany, the Queen of England, or the President of the United States.  
GEO. T. ANGELL.





Founders of American Band of Mercy.

GEO. T. ANGELL and REV. THOMAS TIMMINS.

Office of Parent American Band of Mercy.

GEO. T. ANGELL, President; JOSEPH L. STEVENS, Secretary.

Over forty thousand branches of the Parent American Band of Mercy have been formed, with probably over a million members.

## PLEDGE.

"I will try to be kind to all harmless living creatures, and try to protect them from cruel usage."

Any Band of Mercy member who wishes can cross out the word *harmless* from his or her pledge. M. S. F. C. A. on our badges means "Merciful Society Prevention of Cruelty to All."

We send without cost, to every person asking, a copy of "Band of Mercy Information" and other publications.

Also without cost, to every person who forms a "Band of Mercy," obtaining the signatures of thirty adults or children or both to the pledge, and sends us the name chosen for the "band" and the name and post-office address [town and state] of the president who has been duly elected:

1. Our monthly paper, "OUR DUMB ANIMALS," full of interesting stories and pictures, for one year.

2. Mr. Angell's Address to the High, Latin, Normal and Grammar Schools of Boston.

3. Copy of Band of Mercy Songs.

4. Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals, containing many anecdotes.

5. Eight Humane Leaflets, containing pictures and one hundred selected stories and poems.

6. For the President, an imitation gold badge.

The head officers of Juvenile Temperance Associations, and teachers and Sunday-school teachers, should be presidents of Bands of Mercy.

Nothing is required to be a member but to sign the pledge, or authorize it to be signed.

Any intelligent boy or girl fourteen years old can form a Band with no cost, and receive what we offer, as before stated.

The prices for badges, gold or silver imitation, are eight cents large, five cents small; ribbon, gold stamped, eight cents; ink printed, four cents; song and hymn books, with fifty-two songs and hymns, two cents; cards of membership, two cents; and membership book, eight cents. The "Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals" cost only two cents for the whole, bound together in one pamphlet. The Humane Leaflets cost twenty-five cents a hundred, or eight for five cents.

Everybody, old or young, who wants to do a kind act, to make the world happier and better, is invited to address, by letter or postal, GEO. T. ANGELL, Esq., President, 19 Milk Street, Boston, Mass., and receive full information.

Good Order of Exercises for Band of Mercy Meetings:

- 1.—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn, and repeat the Pledge together. [See Melodies.]
- 2.—Remarks by President, and reading of Report of last meeting by Secretary.
- 3.—Readings, "Angell Prize Contest Recitations," "Memory Gems," and anecdotes of good and noble sayings and deeds done to both human and dumb creatures, with vocal and instrumental music.
- 4.—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.
- 5.—A brief address. Members may then tell what they have done to make human and dumb creatures happier and better.
- 6.—Enrollment of new members.
- 7.—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.

## IN WAR TIMES.

A ship going out to sea,  
On the dull horizon's rim,  
Sailing away from me—  
Sailing away with him.

A ship coming in from sea—  
A worn and weary bark.—  
With none on board for me  
As it cleaves the waters dark.

Women come trooping down,  
Happy are they to-night;  
And all the sober town  
Is wild with joy and light.

They pass me as they go,  
But I turn my eyes away;  
For the head I loved lies low,  
Close to Manila Bay.

Ave Maria.



## BRINGING BACK THE DEAD AND WOUNDED.

[From "Boston Journal."]

## DON'T YOU SOMETIMES GET DISCOURAGED?

Seeing all the cruelty that is going on in the world, Mr. Angell, don't you sometimes get discouraged?

Answer—Never. I know that about three millions of missionaries are going out over the world in the form of "Black Beauty," and that over forty thousand of our American "Bands of Mercy" have been already formed to teach the youth and children of America kindness, and that this paper goes every month to one of the most influential reading audiences of the world; and then occasionally I like to turn to Kings 2nd, chapter 6th, and read this [and I advise all our discouraged friends to do the same]:

"And when the servant of the man of God was risen early and gone forth, behold, a host compassed the city both with horses and chariots. And his servant said unto him: 'Alas, my master! how shall we do?'"

"And he answered: 'Fear not, for they that be with us are more than they that be with them.'"

"And Elisha prayed, and said: 'Lord, I pray thee, open his eyes that he may see.' And the Lord opened the eyes of the young man, and he saw: and behold, the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha."

## WE DO SOMETIMES FEEL SORRY.

We do sometimes feel sorry when we read of the enormous gifts to some of our colleges and think that with one-tenth of the money our American Humane Education Society could do a hundred, perhaps a thousand, times as much good. In fact many of these gifts seem to us almost as worthless as the enormous sums expended on armies and navies in the carrying on of preventable and wicked wars.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

## GOOD WISHES.

We are glad to receive on Jan. 12th a letter from Mrs. Armour of Washington, D.C., telling of the good work doing in that city by our "Bands of Mercy," which closes [as many of our letters do] with the words, "God bless you;" also by same mail a letter from Mrs. Lowry, of Philadelphia, enclosing two checks of \$80 and \$10, with the hope that heaven's blessing may rest on us.

We thank the writers of these letters.

(From editorial in The Springfield Union, of Springfield, Mass., Jan. 15th.)

"Our Dumb Animals, Boston, for January, is a most attractive and readable issue, with all contents bearing directly or indirectly on the quality of mercy. Beside the value of its text this publication is excellently printed and illustrated and forwards a humane work that it is a pleasure to commend."

We have recently sent by request some 1200 copies of Our Dumb Animals to the State meeting of Minnesota teachers at St. Paul, and we are having very large calls for them from various parts of our country, which we are sorry to say we cannot supply. We do not want a single copy wasted, for there are thousands of people who would be very glad to get and use them where they will do good. Henry Ward Beecher was once told that some of his pew-holders were displeased because of some of the political sentiments which appeared in his sermons. The next Sunday he stated to his congregation that there was a large number of people wanting to get seats in his church, who could not get them, and if the people who did not like his preaching would go somewhere else it would be a great favor to others who did.

On this January 15th we have an order for 125 copies of Our Dumb Animals for a Sunday-school, and also an order for 500 copies of our address to the Boston public schools.

## WENT TO BE SHOD.

REMARKABLE HORSE SENSE DISPLAYED BY EX-SENATOR DAWES' OLD MARE.

A remarkable instance of horse sense was exhibited at the Russell stables Tuesday, says the Pittsfield Journal. They have at that stable a horse which was purchased from ex-Senator Dawes known as the Dawes mare, and is used on the baggage wagon running from the hotel to the depot.

Tuesday morning the old horse was taken out of the stable and on the way to the depot she slipped on the ice and fell. Again during the morning hours about town the horse slipped on the ice. At noon the horse was unhitched and sent into her stall for her midday meal.

She is never hitched, and when the men looked for her to make the one o'clock trip to the station she was nowhere to be found. They searched the stable and streets and finally went to ex-Senator Dawes' house, but the old mare was not to be found.

Toward three o'clock, however, she appeared at the stable trotting in briskly and, looking around, went into her stall.

It was discovered that she had been newly shod, and the employees made inquiry at the blacksmith shop and learned that the horse had arrived there a little after noon and had waited her turn for the shoer. The men at the shop knew her and thought she had been left there by some one of the hostlers.

The old Dawes mare is making her regular trips to the station to-day with new sharp corks, and she has won the hearts of every stable man by her knowledge of the right thing to do at the right time.

## "INASMUCH."

"Inasmuch as ye did it not unto one of the least of these ye did it not unto Me."

The speaker paused for his listeners to grasp the idea that he had presented in the unusual form of the text.

He was a man with a plain face, but in his gray eyes shone his soul, and behind his words was his life, which means everything.

It was Christmas morning and one always expects something a little extra in a Christmas sermon.

In one of the finest pews sat a woman dressed in velvet and wrapped about in costly furs. Her bonnet was a model of artistic skill and on either side perched the corpse of what had once been a joyous, innocent song-bird. She was a professing Christian and prominent church member. Her name always stood first on the subscription list of any popular charity, and she had quite immortalized herself by her gift to a certain well-known institution of learning for the furtherance of "scientific research," which meant, in a word, the better equipment of a laboratory for the torture of living creatures.

In vain had she been petitioned to make a proviso in her gift; this she flatly refused. She could not be "bothered" with such trifles; she gave her money and there her responsibility ended. Others must bear the blame if it were unwisely or unrighteously expended. She never looked upon, listened to or read of anything that made her uncomfortable. She was "too sensitive."

"I believe," began the man of God, "in an active Christianity, not in a dead or even passive religion. We are apt to think if we look after the sins of commission it is no difference about those of omission; indeed, we give them little or no thought.

"Now, if I interpret the teaching of our Lord aright, He pronounces a penalty as surely on the passive as on the active transgression, and I am moved this morning—this anniversary of one of the humblest births on earth and yet the anniversary of the King of kings—to speak to you in simple language of some of the common transgressions of which we are all more or less guilty, believing that there is no more fitting time to examine ourselves as to our stewardship than on this day.

"We all have an influence and that influence is either on the side of right or wrong; we are making the world either better or worse. Now the question I would bring home to my own heart, the one I would send home to yours, is, 'Am I not as responsible for what I do not do as for what I do?' . . . Christ said, 'Inasmuch as ye did it not.' The minister of the Gospel who simply keeps still on some subject that he ought to put himself on record concerning is as great a transgressor as he who violates one of the ten commandments.

"This ought ye to have done and not left the other undone."

"The woman who protests not by example and precept against the slaughter of birds for millinery purposes is as much a transgressor as the man whose business it is to lie in wait for the mother-bird as she wings her way homeward, with the bit of supper in her bill, and brings her down just outside the nest, strips her of her beautiful plumage and leaves her there to die by inches in sight and sound of her starving nestlings.

"O, the tragedies of the forest! Who is to blame? 'Inasmuch as ye did it not.' The man who says it is none of his business if another over-load, over-check, and under-feed his horse, becomes a party to the sin, inasmuch as he failed to interfere; he did it not.

"The citizen who knows of vice and corruption in his political party and utters no protest, may claim to have clean hands; may claim he does nothing wrong; but is he not a silent partner? Is not his the sin of omission? 'Inasmuch as ye did it not unto one of the least of these ye did it not to Me.' O, how some of us would like to entertain the Christ as a Christmas guest! We would throw open the best chamber, bring out the best table-service, provide the choicest viands; oh, but we would entertain right royally! and yet He is willing, anxious to be a guest with every one of us to-day. 'Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these ye did it unto Me, and inasmuch as ye did it not unto one of these ye did it not to Me.'

"I tell you, brothers and sisters, we are responsible creatures—responsible for every word we say, every act we do, every hour of our time, every cent of our

money, the influence we exert, and more than all, perhaps, the influence we do not exert."

There was more in the same vein, and then Mrs. B.—she of the costly apparel and ghastrly bonnet-trimming—gathered her furs about her and swept out of the church.

She had never felt more uncomfortable and disgusted in her life before; yes, even downright angry, for it was plain that he had meant to be personal.

How dare he, and she the most influential member in his church!

Did not she pay more toward his salary than any other member? Did she not give to all the charities of the church? Had she not an almost national reputation for her generous bequest to the college?

And yet—how odious the man was! She went home and took off her bonnet. There were those birds!

"A tragedy of the forest!" Had it cost pain and suffering to secure these ornaments? She felt very angry but could not keep her mind off the picture of a nest full of starving birdlings; she could almost hear their piteous cries growing fainter and fainter. Suddenly she began to wish she had never had them put there; it was really barbarous taste anyway. To think was to do with Mrs. B. Instantly she took her shears—Sabbath though it was—and ripped off those "dead creatures," as she now mentally termed them; to-morrow she would have something substituted—"something less gruesome."

Surely she had done her duty now; no sin of omission could be laid at her door. In proportion as she felt justified, her spirit rose. Mrs. B. liked to be comfortable, of all things.

After a sumptuous Christmas dinner, eaten alone, save for the presence of the housekeeper, she retired to her library to read and meditate, but somehow the simple sermon of the morning filled her thoughts more than anything else. Perhaps it was not a bad discourse after all, coming from an honest man, and every one believed in the plain preacher," as some had dubbed him. Had he not said all on the subjects mentioned he would have fallen under his own condemnation; it would have been keeping a cowardly silence. And then she fell to musing over his words concerning our being responsible for time and money. She thought of her lavish gift to the already richly endowed college, and of the letters of protest she had received. For the most part she had put them by without reading; now she brought them out and looked them over.

Burning words filled page after page, picturing the horrors of a scientific laboratory conducted as was the one to which she had given her money. There were leaflets with cuts showing the tables and blocks on which living creatures are strapped. Here was a dog bound fast, here a lovely mother spaniel lying on a table; a horse tied and a dozen students standing about to take a hand at the experiments.

Underneath was a quotation from the lips of the instructor, in reply to a visitor's query as to how long they experimented on one animal.

A beautiful kitten—mice put in jars and the air excluded—and then Mrs. B. began to read what vivisections, according to their own published testimony, do.

With a stifled scream Mrs. B. flung the leaflet from her and dropped to her knees. With her face buried in the cushion she wept.

This allusion to the love of a dumb mother for her offspring was too much. If there was anything that could break Mrs. B. up it was a reminder of the one great sorrow of her life. She buried Mr. B. philosophically and decorously; one by one her other friends had died, and only herself and a far distant sister remained; but none of these things had come near breaking her heart. It was only when her baby died that she went down in an abandon of grief; only then that she withdrew herself from society; only then that she suffered.

Something of this old feeling had come back when the pastor talked about the birds; and now this—in years Mrs. B. had not felt so badly.

"Inasmuch."

Then here was this other dreadful thing. She remembered that when she made her college gift she had said to herself: "I can do it as well as not; it is not half what Glenn's education would probably have cost; it will be a sort of monument to him;" and now it was being used to torture dumb creatures.

What would Glenn have thought to have had any one torture the white kitten he loved so well?

It was too horrible! And then she went to her desk and wrote with an inspiration she had never felt before, to the president of the college, forbidding, begging, entreating and demanding an immediate promise that it should be as she willed.

After this she felt more calm, and sat down again to think.

In due time there came a reply; not from the president of the college, but from an assistant of some sort, saying that their rules were unalterable, and one of them was not to dictate to the professors in the various departments; that they considered it best to lay no restraints; to serve the ends of science was their aim, let it cost what it might.

And this was all; oh, why had she not been warned of this terrible evil in time!

What could she do?

"Inasmuch as ye did it not" sounded in her ear. She realized that it was not enough to try to make amends for what she had done; she would be held accountable for what she did not do.

The next day she called on the "plain preacher," and there ensued a long and serious talk, which resulted in much fruit.

She did all she could in the way of reparation; she wrote; she talked; she prayed; she gave of her money to humane effort; but never could she forget that her money was making the daily torture of God's dumb and helpless creatures possible. The conversion of Mrs. B. was complete, and this is but one of the many avenues through which good ran like a stream from that one simple sermon.

O, the possibilities of one pulpit message when it comes from the heart of a sincere servant!

[The above we take from an article by Velma Caldwell Melville, on "Our Christian Duty to Dumb Creatures."]

## CASEY'S COW.

Mr. Casey of South Street has a wonderful cow. It is the pet of the neighborhood and is a comely and docile animal. A few days ago it was missing. Search was diligently made for it but nobody had seen it, and the quest was about given up when it was found upstairs in the barn quietly munching hay. It seems that the cow had had some kind of falling out with a horse that is kept in the barn with it, as it had been kicked or bitten, and either in fear or disgust, or because it was hungry, it climbed the dozen or so steep steps leading to the floor above. What to do about getting the cow down was a puzzle. Finally Dr. Etienne, who is well posted on the habits of the cow, was sent for. When the doctor arrived he concluded that if the cow was able to go up the stairs alone it should be able to go down the same way, with help. So the cow was gotten into good humor and coaxed down the stairway and at last stood triumphantly on the barn floor. Congratulations were exchanged and the cow was further petted. The next thing we expect to hear is that that cow has climbed a tree or is practicing on a slack wire.—Ware River (Mass.) News, Nov. 23d.

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

## THE CEASING OF THE STORM.

BY FRED WALKER SHERMAN,  
Onondaga, N. Y.

A silent cloud  
In merry play,  
Then snowflakes fall  
This winter day;  
The hill and vale  
They cover deep,  
And drift them o'er  
Where grasses sleep.  
Yet as the day  
Draws to its close,  
While softly now  
The north wind blows,  
The snowflakes cease  
Their downward flight,  
The storm subsides  
At fall of night.  
Then snowbirds flit  
Among the trees,  
Whose snowy tops  
Wave in the breeze;  
Or flutter close  
Beside the door,  
Where I have strewn  
Them crumbs before.



## OUR OFFICE CAT.

We have at our offices a very remarkable cat, which not only protects our large stock of literature from rats and mice, but seems always disposed to make a friend of every one coming to our offices, and occasionally makes a friendly call upon our neighbors, one of whom notified us the other day that he was going to charge storage for the frequency with which the cat came to and laid down on his desk. We replied, all right; but we shall bring an action against you for alienating the affections of our cat.

We see in this morning's paper that one New York lady has brought suit against another for doing precisely this thing.

We have never heard of such a case before, but it cannot be disputed that the affection of some cats is of greater value than the affection of some husbands.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

## FELINE STRATEGY.

THE COURAGE WITH WHICH THE CAT MEETS  
HER CANINE ENEMIES.

The mastery of herself which a cat shows when, having been caught in a position from which there is no escape, she calmly sits down to face out the threats of a dog, is a marvellous thing, says a writer in the *Boston Transcript*. Everybody has seen a kitten on the street door-step attacked by a dog ten times her size, as apparently self-possessed as if she were in her mistress' lap. If she turns tail and runs down the street she is lost; the dog will have a sure advantage of her. Even as it is, if he could get up courage enough to seize her on the spot he would be able to make short work of her.

"You dare not touch me, and you know it," is what her position tells the dog. But she is intensely on her guard, in spite of her air of perfect content. Her legs, concealed under her fur, are ready for a spring; her claws are unsheathed, her eyes never move for an instant from the dog; as he bounds wildly from side to side, barking with comical fury, those glittering eyes of hers follow him with the keenest scrutiny. If he plucks up his courage to grab her, she is ready; she will sell her life dearly. She is watching her chance, and she does not miss it. The dog tries Fabian tactics, and withdraws a few feet, settling down upon his forepaws, growling ferociously as he does so.

Just then the sound of a dog's bark in the next street attracts his eyes and ears for a moment, and when he looks back the kitten is gone! He looks down the street and starts wildly in that direction, and reaches a high board fence just as a cat's tail—a monstrous tail for such a little cat—is vanishing over the top of it. He is beaten; the cat showed not only more courage than he had, but a great deal more generalship.

## OUR READERS.

The readers of *Our Dumb Animals* get for its small subscription price not only all the reading matter it contains, but every year between seventy and eighty carefully selected beautiful humane pictures, some of which alone are worth for their influence on children and others more than the cost of the paper. If we can believe the writers of many letters, there is no paper in this country where one gets so much for so little. We want to put it into every school, Sunday-school and home in America.

## THE TRUTH.

Tom—"Did Maud tell you the truth when you asked her her age?"

Dick—"Yes."

Tom—"What did she say?"

Dick—"She said it was none of my business."

Up-to-Date.

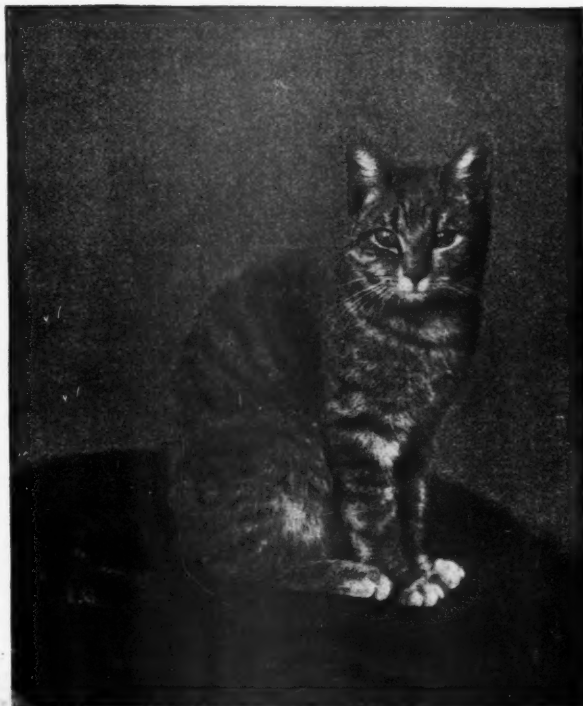
## NATIONAL WOMAN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION.

We are glad to receive from Mrs. Mary F. Lovell, National Superintendent of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, Department of Mercy, an account of very active work done by that department during the past year, in establishing Bands of Mercy and otherwise.

## FROM A PROMINENT MASSACHUSETTS PHYSICIAN.

It is a pleasure to receive on January 5 a generous check in aid of our work from a prominent Massachusetts physician, whose letter closes thus:

"God bless and keep you goes up from thousands of hearts—and think of the dumb things that would join in the chorus if they could only speak."



KITTY GRAY.

[From "Friends and Helpers."]

## TO MEMBERS OF THE MASSACHU- SETTS LEGISLATURE.

As we are just going to press we are told that a petition is before you asking that Sunday be made an open season for game and birds.

We shall hope for a hearing on this subject, and trust no such petition will be granted.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

## THE SNOW-BIRD.

In the rosy light trills the gay swallow,  
The thrush in the roses below,  
The meadow-lark sings in the meadow,  
And the snow-bird sings in the snow.  
Ah me!  
Chicadee!

The snow-bird sings in the snow!  
The blue marten trills in the gable,  
The wren on the ground below,  
In the elm flutes the golden robin,  
But the snow-bird sings in the snow.  
Ah me!  
Chicadee!

The snow-bird sings in the snow!  
I love the high heart of the sprey,  
The meek heart of the thrush below,  
The heart of the lark in the meadow,  
And the snow-bird's heart in the snow;  
But dearest to me  
Chicadee! chicadee!  
Is that true little heart in the snow.

## FOR MERCY'S SAKE.

The brightest and best little paper—the most pithy, plucky, pure and neatly printed little monthly paper in America to-day is *Our Dumb Animals*.

The December number is filled with beautiful pictures and choice Christmas matter. Better save the money you spend for sweetmeats these holidays and subscribe for such a paper. Give a copy to your public school for the children to read and be blessed and bless everybody all the year round. Try it.—From "Our Best Words," Shelbyville, Ill.

## FRIENDS AND HELPERS.

Among the many new humane books coming to our table is one entitled "*Friends and Helpers*," published by Ginn & Co., Boston, and consisting of selections for readers ten to twelve years old, by Miss Sarah J. Eddy of Providence, R. I., which we cheerfully recommend to the careful consideration of school authorities and others who would add to the humane publications of our American Humane Education Society. It has 231 finely printed pages and 71 illustrations, of which the above is one.

## A CARRIER PIGEON'S RACE FOR LIFE.

The passengers on the ferryboat Piedmont, from Oakland, Cal., were treated to the spectacle of a speed test between a sea eagle and a carrier pigeon, in which the smaller bird won by saving its life. When the boat was opposite Goat Island, P. H. Schlotzhauer, a pigeon fancier of Alameda, released five birds. Among them was the famous five-year-old-homer, Duke of Richmond, who has proved his right to a title of nobility in more than a score of long distance flights. The pigeons rose into the air and circled several times. Four of them turned towards the east, but the fifth, which was the Duke of Richmond, was seen to flit and drop towards the Piedmont. Then the passengers made out that the pigeon was being pursued by a large bird. The two birds were at an elevation of 1000 feet when the chase began, with the carrier a short distance in the lead. As by instinct he dropped straight for the place where his master had released him, and landing upon the ladies' deck of the Piedmont, fluttered through the cabin door. The sea eagle was so confident that it would strike its prey that it did not check its pursuit until within ten feet of the rail of the ferryboat. Then it wheeled suddenly, and hovering about the stern of the boat for a few moments, winged its way back towards Goat Island. Once inside the cabin, the frightened pigeon ran down the aisle until it came to a passenger reading a newspaper. As if sure of protection, it fluttered up to his side and perched on the arm of his seat. There it was caught by Schlotzhauer and safely caged.—*San Francisco Chronicle*.

## ANGELL PRIZE CONTESTS.

A splendid way to raise money in schools, churches, Sunday-schools, or elsewhere for any object preferred.

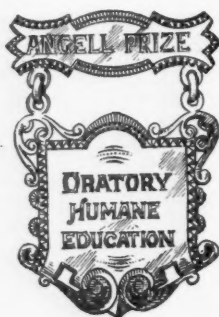
## ANGELL PRIZE CONTESTS IN HUMANE SPEAKING.

We have beautiful sterling silver medals, of which this cut shows the size and face inscriptions.

On the back is inscribed, "The American Humane Education Society."

We sell them at one dollar each, which is just what we pay for them by the hundred.

Each is in a box on red velvet, and we make no charge for postage when sent by mail.



The plan is this: Some large church or public hall is secured, several schools, Sunday schools, granges, or other societies are invited to send their best speaker or reciter to compete for the prize medal; some prominent citizen presides; other prominent citizens act as the committee of award, and a small admission fee, ten or twenty cents, pays all the costs, and leaves a handsome balance for the local humane society or "Band of Mercy," or school or Sunday-school or church or library or any other object preferred.

## "BLESSED ARE THE MERCIFUL."

We have in our principal office [in a large frame and conspicuous position] the names of those who have kindly remembered our two Societies in their wills.

When we get a building we intend to have them so engraved in it as to last through the centuries.

## PRIZES \$675.

In behalf of The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals I do hereby offer (1) \$100 for evidence which shall enable the Society to convict any man in Massachusetts of cruelty in the practice of vivisection.

(2) \$25 for evidence to convict of violating the recently-enacted law of Massachusetts against vivisections and dissections in our public schools.

(3) \$100 for evidence to convict any member of the Myopia, Hingham, Dedham, Harvard or Country Clubs, of a criminal violation of law by causing his horse to be mutilated for life.

(4) \$50 for evidence to convict anyone in Massachusetts of a violation of law by causing any horse to be mutilated for life by docking.

(5) Twenty prizes of \$10 each, and forty prizes of \$5 each, for evidence to convict of violating the laws of Massachusetts by killing any insect-eating bird or taking eggs from its nest.

GEO. T. ANGELL, President.

Our creed and the creed of our "American Humane Education Society," as appears on its battle-flags—its badges—and its official seal, is "Glory to God," "Peace on Earth," "Kindness, Justice and Mercy to every living creature."

If there were no birds man could not live on the earth.

## OUR PRIZE STORY PRICES.

*Black Beauty* in paper covers, 6 cents at office, or 10 cents mailed; cloth bound, 25 cents each at office, or 30 cents mailed.

*Hollyhurst, Strike at Shane's, Four Months in New Hampshire*, also Mr. Angell's Autobiography, in paper covers, 6 cents each at office, or 10 cents mailed; cloth bound, 20 cents each at office, or 25 cents mailed.

*Some of New York's "400,"* in paper covers, 10 cents each.

*For Pity's Sake*, in paper covers, 10 cents each; cloth bound, 75 cents at office, or 80 cents mailed.

*Beautiful Joe* at publishers' price, 60 cents at office, or 72 cents mailed. Cheaper edition, 25 cents; mailed, 30 cents. Both editions cloth bound.

Postage stamps are acceptable for all remittances.

## "NEW YORK'S 400."

"It should receive as wide a circulation as 'Black Beauty.'"—*Boston Courier*.

"Charmingly told story. Its merits are many and its readers cannot be too numerous."—*Boston Ideas*.

"Extremely interesting. Will be laid down only with regret."—*Gloucester Breeze*.

## "FOR PITY'S SAKE."

On the first day of issuing this book we had over a hundred orders for it, some of them for fifty and twenty-five copies.

## "PITY'S SAKE" FOR GRATUITOUS DISTRIBUTION.

We acknowledge from various friends donations to aid us in the gratuitous distribution of this most valuable book, which everyone reads with pleasure, and having read wants everybody else to read.

To those who wish to buy it the price for our edition is ten cents, and Mrs. Carter's cloth-bound edition, for which the publisher's price is one dollar, we are permitted to sell at seventy-five cents, or post-paid eighty cents.

"The Humane Horse Book," compiled by George T. Angell, is a work which should be read by every man, woman and child in the country. Price, 5 cents.—*Boston Courier*.

Nations, like individuals, are powerful in the degree that they command the sympathies of their neighbors.

In hiring a herdie, coupe, or other carriage never forget to look at the horses and hire those that look the best and have no docked tails. When we take a herdie we pick out one drawn by a good horse, tell the driver not to hurry, but take it easy, and give him five or ten cents over his fare for being kind to his horse. We never ride behind a dock-tailed horse.

Send for prize essays published by Our American Humane Education Society on the best plan of settling the difficulties between capital and labor, and receive a copy without charge.

Always kill a wounded bird or other animal as soon as you can. All suffering of any creature, just before it dies, poisons the meat.  
GEO. T. ANGELL.

Every kind word you say to a dumb animal or bird will make you happier.

## SONGS OF HAPPY LIFE, &amp;c.

For prices of Miss S. J. Eddy's new book, above named, and a variety of humane publications, address Art and Natural Study Publishing Co., Providence, R. I.

One thing we must never forget, namely: that the infinitely most important work for us is the humane education of the millions who are soon to come on the stage of action.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

What do you consider, Mr. Angell, the most important work you do?

Answer. Talking each month to the editors of every newspaper and magazine in North America north of Mexico, who in their turn talk to probably over sixty millions of readers.

"Just so soon and so far as we pour into all our schools the songs, poems and literature of mercy towards these lower creatures, JUST SO SOON AND SO FAR SHALL WE REACH THE ROOTS NOT ONLY OF CRUELTY BUT OF CRIME."  
GEO. T. ANGELL.

Refuse to ride in any cab, herdie or carriage drawn by a docked horse, and tell the driver why.

## FOR FREE DISTRIBUTION.

To those who will have them properly posted we send:

- (1.) Placards for the protection of birds.
- (2.) Placards for the protection of horses from docking and tight check-reins.

## WHAT A DOCKED HORSE TELLS.

(1.) That the owner does not care one straw for the suffering of dumb animals.

(2.) That the owner does not care one straw for the good opinion of nine-tenths of his fellow-citizens who witness the effects of his cruelty.

Every unkind treatment to the cow poisons the milk—even talking unkindly to her.

Is it cruel to keep a horse locked up in a stable without exercise?

Answer: Just as cruel as it would be to keep a boy, or girl, or man, or woman in the same condition.

If to this is added solitary confinement without the company of other animals, then the cruelty is still greater.  
GEO. T. ANGELL.

## WORTH REMEMBERING.

(1.) Avoid so far as possible drinking any water which has been contaminated by lead pipes or lead lined tanks.

(2.) Avoid drinking water which has been run through galvanised iron pipes.

(3.) Avoid using anything acid which has been kept in a tin can.

(4.) When grippe or other epidemics are prevailing wear a little crude sulphur in your boots or shoes.



## HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS.

Hundreds of thousands of children can never be taught *directly* in our schools to love either their fathers or mothers, but they can be taught to be constantly saying kind words and doing kind acts to the lower creatures, and in this way may be made better, kinder and more merciful in all the relations of life.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

**Don't kill your dog trying to make him run with your bicycle. Dogs were intended for no such purpose.**

**Always keep your dogs and cats nights where they will not disturb the sleep of your neighbors and so come in danger of being poisoned.**

**In moving don't forget your cat.**

**Massachusetts has the first law in the world prohibiting vivisection in the schools.**

In behalf of "The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals" I offer *One Thousand Dollars* for evidence to convict ten persons in Massachusetts of violation of our State law by *cruel vivisection*—namely, *One Hundred Dollars* for evidence in each case.

"Blessed are the merciful."

GEO. T. ANGELL, President.

Prof. Henry J. Bigelow, M.D., (late) Professor of Surgery in Harvard University:

"How few facts of immediate considerable value to our race have of late years been extorted from the dreadful sufferings of dumb animals, the cold-blooded cruelties now more and more practiced under the authority of science! It is said, 'Somebody must do this.' I say nobody should do it. It is needless. Vivisection in medical schools should be abolished."—Address before the Massachusetts Medical Society.

## LAWSON TAIT.

What Lawson Tait, the great English surgeon, said:

"Some day I shall have a tombstone put over me and an inscription upon it. I want only one thing recorded on it, and that to the effect that 'he labored to divert his profession from the blundering which has resulted from the performance of experiments on the sub-human groups of animal life, in the hope that they would shed light on the aberrant physiology of the human groups.' Such experiments never have succeeded, and never can; and they have, as in the cases of Koch, Pasteur and Lister, not only hindered true progress, but have covered our profession with ridicule."—From a letter by LAWSON TAIT, M.D., F.R.C.S., LL.D., in the Medical Press and Circular, May, 1899.

**In winter feed the birds.**

Montreal Gazette, January 6th.

We find in the above paper that no docked horses are allowed by the Government inspectors to be sent to Southern Africa, as the military experts say that docking tails weakens the backs of the animals, and that it is necessary for horses to have long tails to protect them from the flies which are very numerous there.



## TWO FRIENDS.

[From "Boston Journal."]

## DOG SAVED HIS MASTER.

POTTSVILLE, PA., Dec. 22.—Stephen Traub is hovering between life and death at his home at Duncott village from injuries inflicted by an infuriated bull that he was leading. The animal threw Traub to the ground and pawed and horned him until Traub's dog diverted the angry bull's attention from the prostrate man. Neighbors with clubs came to his rescue and carried Traub to a place of safety.—Philadelphia North American.

## DOG SAVED TWO LIVES.

Several families living in the vicinity of Meeting House Hill, Dorchester, had a narrow escape from asphyxiation early Friday morning, owing to a neglected break in a gas main, caused, it is thought, by blasting nearby during the day, which cracked the pipe and allowed the gas to escape.

About 4 o'clock in the morning, Mrs. Charles Shepard of 248 Hancock Street was awakened by the whining and barking of a dog in her sleeping apartments and at once noticed a strong odor of gas. Arousing her husband, they both arose, but were so overcome by the fumes that they fell to the floor.

Mr. Shepard had just strength enough left to call his brother, who occupied a room overhead, and the latter went to the assistance of the couple, who were carried to a neighbor's house. A doctor was called, and, after some time, they were revived.

A cat in the cellar was found dead later, and it would probably have only been a question of a short time when both Mr. and Mrs. Shepard would have met a like fate had it not been for the faithful animal that awoke them.—Boston Herald, Jan. 14, 1900.

## IRISH WIT.

A lady had in her employ an excellent girl who had one fault. Her face was always in a smudge. Mrs. — tried to tell her to wash her face without offending, and at last resorted to strategy.

"Do you know, Bridget," she remarked in a confidential manner, "it is said that if you wash the face every day in hot soapy water it will make you beautiful?"

"Will it?" said Bridget. "Sure it's a wonder ye never tried it, ma'am."

The above will do to go with another:

Cardinal Manning met one day a drunken Irishman on a London street and said, "Patrick, I have joined the Temperance Society." "Perhaps your reverence needed it," was Patrick's reply.

(From Pacific Health Journal, St. Helena, Cal.)

No paper comes to our table which so touches a tender chord as does *Our Dumb Animals*. The very pictures seem to appeal to a more humane humanity. Parents, do you want to instill true nobility of character into your children? Teach them to love and to respect the rights of their dumb companions. Nothing will so effectually do this as the monthly visits of *Our Dumb Animals*, 19 Milk Street, Boston, Mass.

## THE FIRST SNOW-FALL.

The snow had begun in the gloaming,  
And busily all the night  
Had been heaping field and highway  
With a silence deep and white.

Every pine, and fir, and hemlock  
Wore ermine too dear for an earl,  
And the poorest twig on the elm tree  
Was fringed inch deep with pearl.

From sheds new-roofed with Carrara  
Came chanticleer's muffled crow,  
The stiff rails were softened to swan's-down,  
And still fluttered down the snow.

I stood and watched by the window  
The noiseless work of the sky,  
And the sudden furies of snow-birds,  
Like brown leaves whirling by.

I thought of a mound in sweet Auburn  
Where a little headstone stood—  
How the flakes were folding it gently,  
As did robins the babes in the wood.

Up spoke our own little Mabel,  
Saying, "Father, who makes it snow?"  
And I told of the good All-father  
Who cares for us all below.

Again I looked at the snow-fall,  
And thought of the leaden sky  
That arched o'er our first great sorrow,  
When that mound was heaped so high.

I remembered the gradual patience  
That fell from that cloud like snow,  
Flake by flake, healing and hiding  
The scar that renewed our woe.

And again to the child I whispered,  
"The snow that husheth all,  
Darling, the merciful Father  
Alone can make it fall!"

Then, with eyes that saw not, I kissed her;  
And she, kissing back, could not know  
That my kiss was given to her sister,  
Folded close under deepening snow.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

## THE BOY AND THE SPARROW.

Once a sweet boy sat and swung on a limb;  
On the ground stood a sparrow-bird, looking at him.  
Now the boy he was good, but the sparrow was bad,  
So it shied a big stone at the head of the lad.  
And it killed the poor boy; and the sparrow was glad.

Then the little boy's mother flew over the trees.  
"Tell me, where is my little boy, sparrow-bird,  
please?"

"He is safe in my pocket," the sparrow-bird said;  
And another stone shied at the fond mother's head,  
And she fell at the feet of the wicked bird, dead.

You imagine, no doubt, that the tale I have mixed;  
But it wasn't by me that the story was fixed.  
'Twas a dream a boy had after killing a bird;  
And he dreamed it so loud that I heard every word,  
And I jotted it down as it really occurred.

Good Words.

WHAT IS THE OBJECT OF  
THE BANDS OF MERCY?

I answer: To teach and lead every

child and older person to seize  
every opportunity to say a kind  
word or do a kind act that willmake some other human being or  
some dumb creature happier.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

## New Bands of Mercy.

- 39696 Washington, D. C.  
Webster School.  
Helping Hands Band.  
P., Miss Blanch Street.  
39697 Golden Rule Band.  
P., Sarah Cameron.  
39698 Bluebirds Band.  
P., Elsie Roche.  
39699 Seaton School.  
Columbia Band.  
P., Edith Carter.  
39700 Young Americans Band.  
P., Miss Adele Tait.  
39701 Helping Hands Band.  
P., Miss S. C. Collins.  
39702 Young Defenders Band.  
P., Miss Annie Burlingame.  
39703 Guardians Band.  
P., Miss A. Lamborne.  
39704 Protectors Band.  
P., Miss H. J. Free.  
39705 Loving Hearts Band.  
P., Florence M. Muir.  
39706 Sunshine Band.  
P., Maude English.  
39707 Golden Rule Band.  
P., Miss Lida Priest.  
39708 Kindness Band.  
P., Miss T. Brenninger.  
39709 Little Helpers Band.  
P., Miss Jane McKnew.  
39710 San Francisco, Cal.  
Crocker Gram. School.  
No. 1 Band.  
P., Mrs. H. J. Bain.  
39711 No. 2 Band.  
P., Miss K. Harby.  
39712 No. 3 Band.  
P., Miss S. A. Folsom.  
39713 No. 4 Band.  
P., Miss E. B. Wade.  
39714 No. 5 Band.  
P., Miss N. Armstrong.  
39715 No. 6 Band.  
P., Miss C. A. Maxwell.  
39716 No. 7 Band.  
P., Miss Mary T. Shea.  
39717 No. 8 Band.  
P., Miss A. Hiratel.  
39718 No. 9 Band.  
P., Miss E. Pugh.  
39719 No. 10 Band.  
P., Miss H. L. Hefron.  
39720 No. 11 Band.  
P., Miss J. E. Saalsburg.  
39721 No. 12 Band.  
P., Miss M. M. Carew.  
39722 Henry Durant Pr. School.  
No. 1 Band.  
P., M. T. Camblien.  
39723 No. 2 Band.  
P., Miss L. A. Thompson.  
39724 No. 3 Band.  
P., Miss L. M. Barrows.  
39725 No. 4 Band.  
P., Miss L. F. Adams.  
39726 No. 5 Band.  
P., Miss F. Greenhovel.  
39727 No. 6 Band.  
P., Miss Carrie Haas.  
39728 No. 7 Band.  
P., Miss S. R. Thompson.  
39729 No. 8 Band.  
P., Miss J. R. Ambrose.  
39730 No. 9 Band.  
P., Miss Rose Boukofsky.  
39731 No. 10 Band.  
P., Mrs. M. E. Hill.  
39732 No. 11 Band.  
P., Miss M. A. Rollins.  
39733 No. 12 Band.  
P., Miss E. S. Heaney.  
39734 Fremont Pr. School.  
No. 1 Band.  
P., Miss T. Rosenfeld.  
39735 No. 2 Band.  
P., Miss M. G. Kyne.  
39736 No. 3 Band.  
P., Mrs. R. Luis.  
39737 No. 4 Band.  
P., Mrs. J. MacNichol.  
39738 No. 5 Band.  
P., Miss E. Tidd.  
39739 No. 6 Band.  
P., Miss K. A. Humphrey.  
39740 No. 7 Band.  
P., Miss E. Foley.  
39741 No. 8 Band.  
P., Miss T. C. Stohr.  
39742 No. 9 Band.  
P., Miss S. F. Mount.  
39743 Dudley Stone Pr. School.  
No. 1 Band.  
P., Miss M. R. Carew.  
39744 No. 2 Band.  
P., Miss Juliet Sexton.  
39745 No. 3 Band.  
P., Miss D. Clayburg.  
39746 No. 4 Band.  
P., Miss L. M. Gambitz.
- 39747 No. 5 Band.  
P., Miss Rose Scherer.  
39748 No. 6 Band.  
P., Miss Rose McGeough.  
39749 No. 7 Band.  
P., Miss Jennie Cullen.  
39750 No. 8 Band.  
P., Miss K. Callahan.  
39751 No. 9 Band.  
P., Miss M. R. Moran.  
39752 Golden Gate Pr. School.  
No. 1 Band.  
P., Miss M. Wiseman.  
39753 No. 2 Band.  
P., Mrs. E. M. Bonelli.  
39754 No. 3 Band.  
P., Miss M. A. Houston.  
39755 No. 4 Band.  
P., Miss E. T. Ryan.  
39756 No. 5 Band.  
P., Miss M. G. Cashin.  
39757 No. 6 Band.  
P., Miss M. E. Kaplan.  
39758 No. 7 Band.  
P., Miss O. M. Johnson.  
39759 No. 8 Band.  
P., Mrs. K. M. Hare.  
39760 Providence, R. I.  
Golden Rule Band.  
P., Louise F. Donahue.  
39761 Kind Friends of Dumb  
Animals Band.  
P., Emily W. Cushman.  
39762 Protectors of the Helpless  
Band.  
P., Estelle A. Barker.  
39763 United Protectors Band.  
P., Charlotte E. Coffrey.  
39764 Defender Band.  
P., M. C. S. Devereaux.  
39765 Loyal Band.  
P., Sarah L. Sweet.  
39766 Golden Rule Band.  
P., Gertrude I. Stetson.  
39767 Animals Friend Band.  
P., Grace H. Bardeen.  
39768 Roger Williams Band.  
P., Alice J. Green.  
39769 Loyal Protectors Band.  
P., Frances E. Watts.  
39770 Defenders of the Defence-  
less Band.  
P., Celia F. Corning.  
39771 Loyal Protectors Band.  
P., Annie L. Ring.  
39772 Helpers of the Helpless  
Band.  
P., Flora E. Angell.  
39773 Golden Rule League Band.  
P., Adah S. Watson.  
39774 Loyal Defenders Band.  
P., Margaret H. Small.  
39775 Messer Humane Soc. Band,  
Chapter 1.  
P., Laura I. French.  
39776 Messer Humane Soc. Band,  
Chapter 2.  
P., Marion A. Place.  
39777 Protectors League Band.  
P., Cora G. Croppin.  
39778 Golden Rule Followers Bd.  
P., Lucy M. Danielson.  
39779 Helpful Band.  
P., Mildred E. Morse.  
39780 Loyal Protectors Band.  
P., Isabelle F. Martin.  
39781 United Protectors Band.  
P., Laura E. Almy.  
39782 Rosa Bonheur Band.  
P., Ellen A. Salisbury.  
39783 Kind Friends of Dumb  
Animals Band.  
P., Delia E. Harvey.  
39784 Point St. Humane Society  
Band.  
P., Lucy C. Stanley.  
39785 Sarah J. Eddy Band.  
P., Georgiana M. Hall.  
39786 Golden Rule Advocates Bd.  
P., Georgiana M. Hall.  
39787 Brigham Humane Society  
Band, Div. 1.  
P., L. S. Duffee.  
39788 Brigham Humane Soc'y  
Band, Div. 2.  
P., L. M. Beane.  
39789 Brigham Humane Soc'y  
Band, Div. 3.  
P., H. A. Swan.  
39790 Brigham Humane Soc'y  
Band, Div. 4.  
P., A. P. Walker.  
39791 Brigham Humane Soc'y  
Band, Div. 5.  
P., A. F. Dean.  
39792 Brigham Humane Soc'y  
Band, Div. 6.  
P., M. C. Hazard.  
39793 Brigham Humane Soc'y  
Band, Div. 7.  
P., F. D. Spink.
- 39794 Brigham Humane Soc'y  
Band, Div. 8.  
P., J. L. Tobey.  
39795 Brigham Humane Soc'y  
Band, Div. 9.  
P., M. A. Cummings.  
39796 Lawrence, Kansas.  
Willing Workers Band.  
P., Susie Todd.  
39797 Saybrook, Ill.  
Thanksgiving Band.  
P., Meriam McDaniel.  
39798 Canas, Ill., S. D.  
District No. 3 Band.  
P., Anna Clark.  
39799 Watertown, Mass.  
Grant School Band, Div. 1.  
P., Anna D. Hall.  
39800 Grant School Band, Div. 2.  
P., M. E. Tenney.  
39801 Grant School Band, Div. 3.  
P., E. B. Dadmun.  
39802 Grant School Band, Div. 4.  
P., E. P. Skinner.  
39803 Hosmer School Bd., Div. 1.  
P., Herbert Taylor.  
39804 Hosmer School Bd., Div. 2.  
P., Clara E. Dunham.  
39805 Hosmer School Bd., Div. 3.  
P., E. B. Glidden.  
39806 Hosmer School Bd., Div. 4.  
P., Nancy May.  
39807 Hosmer School Bd., Div. 5.  
P., L. F. Luquas.  
39808 Hosmer School Bd., Div. 6.  
P., A. G. D'Arcy.  
39809 Coolidge School Bd., Div. 1.  
P., Ruth W. Howard.  
39810 Coolidge School Bd., Div. 2.  
P., Mary E. Burrus.  
39811 Coolidge School Bd., Div. 3.  
P., E. E. Irish.  
39812 Coolidge School Bd., Div. 4.  
P., M. A. Knox.  
39813 Lincoln Band.  
P., H. B. Johnson.  
39814 Francis School Bd., Div. 2.  
P., B. H. Pike.  
39815 Francis School Bd., Div. 3.  
P., M. E. Patten.  
39816 Francis School Bd., Div. 4.  
P., M. B. Patten.  
39817 Francis School Bd., Div. 5.  
P., A. L. Berry.  
39818 Francis School Bd., Div. 6.  
P., L. A. DeWire.  
39819 Spring School Bd., Div. 1.  
P., Joanna M. Riley.  
39820 Spring School Bd., Div. 2.  
P., J. E. Paige.  
39821 Spring School Bd., Div. 3.  
P., H. M. Cutler.  
39822 Spring School Bd., Div. 4.  
P., M. M. Sullivan.  
39823 Parker School Bd., Div. 1.  
P., A. C. Bullard.  
39824 Parker School Bd., Div. 2.  
P., I. M. Eldon.  
39825 Parker School Bd., Div. 3.  
P., C. H. Green.  
39826 Lend-a-Hand Band.  
P., Q. M. Smith.  
39827 Black Beauty Band.  
P., E. A. Luques.  
39828 Belvidere, Neb.  
Belvidere Band.  
P., Eunice M. Tipps.  
39829 Scotch Hill, Pa.  
Robinson Band.  
P., Mrs. W. H. Robinson.  
39830 Ottawa, Can.  
Bell St. School Band.  
P., Mary E. Living.  
39831 Newark, N. J.  
Thomas B. Peddie Band.  
P., Leon W. Gibson.  
39832 Dime, Pa.  
Charity Band.  
P., Roy Metzler.  
39833 Mansfield, Ohio.  
Mansfield Band.  
P., Maggie E. Richey.  
39834 Le Roy, N. Y.  
Junior League Band.  
P., Miss Ida Darron.  
39835 Kansas City, Mo.  
Sanbern Band.  
P., Judith Connolly.  
39836 Prairie du Chien, Wis.  
Badger Band.  
P., Homer L. Wright.  
39837 Williamsport, Pa.  
Williamsport Band.  
P., Mable Dumm.  
39838 Youngstown, Ohio.  
Kind Children Band.  
P., Elizabeth Evans.  
39839 Washington, D. C.  
Polk School.  
Polk Humane Band.  
P., Miss F. M. Roach.
- 39840 Humane Protection Band.  
P., Mrs. Mary Walker.  
39841 Golden Rule Band.  
P., Miss Mary Fumage.  
39842 Willing Workers Band.  
P., Miss Daisy W. Boyd.  
39843 Brave Defenders Band.  
P., Miss Bertha Caron.  
39844 Loving Band.  
P., Miss Grace Church.  
39845 Kindness Band.  
P., Miss Ella House.  
39846 Gentleness Band.  
P., Miss Juliet M. Searle.  
39847 Twining School.  
Burroughs Band.  
P., Miss Adelaide Davis.  
39848 Helping Hand Band.  
P., Miss Edna Brenner.  
39849 Helpful Band.  
P., Miss Lucy O. Fishback.  
39850 Lincoln Band.  
P., Miss E. V. Boss.  
39851 Longfellow Band.  
P., Miss Eliza Caton.  
39852 Golden Rule Band.  
P., Miss Sarah Greer.  
39853 Little Defenders Band.  
P., Miss M. A. Kelton.  
39854 Golden Rule Band.  
P., Miss Esther R. Wood-  
ward.  
39855 Abbot School.  
Abbot Humane Band.  
P., Miss Metella King.  
39856 Seventh Grade School Bd.  
P., Mr. Halstead Hoover.  
39857 Kindness Band.  
P., Miss M. C. Causin.  
39858 Audubon Band.  
P., Miss Carrie Rannie.  
39859 Little Shields Band.  
P., Miss Magdalen Bren-  
ninger.  
39860 Willing Workers Band.  
P., Miss Nellie Richards.  
39861 Little Defenders Band.  
P., Miss A. Rakeman.  
39862 Little Helpers Band.  
P., Miss Ella Clapp.  
39863 Henry School.  
Capitol City Band.  
P., Miss E. K. Scott.  
39864 Rosa Bonheur Band.  
P., Mr. H. H. Burroughs.  
39865 Young Americans Band.  
P., Miss Katie E. Kaiser.  
39866 Sixth Henry Band.  
P., Miss Marion J. Malone.  
39867 American Eagle Band.  
P., Miss Mary Potter.  
39868 Guardian Band.  
P., Miss Mary Deaney.  
39869 Humane Protection Band.  
P., Ada M. Williams.  
39870 Faithful and True Band.  
P., Miss Saldie Drown.  
39871 Animal Protectors Band.  
P., Miss M. L. Murphy.  
39872 Kindness to Animals Bd.  
P., Miss May Deering.  
39873 Brave Defenders Band.  
P., Miss Inez Carnal.  
39874 Little Protectors Band.  
P., Miss Charlotte A.  
Barnes.  
39875 Summersville, W. Va.  
Mountain State Band.  
P., Miss Amata Cutlip.  
39876 Center View, Mo.  
Watchful Band.  
P., Mrs. Mary E. Engel.  
39877 Bellingham, Mass.  
Webster Band.  
P., L. May Huntley.  
39878 Whittier Band.  
P., Emily F. Upton.  
39879 Lowell Band.  
P., Sarah E. Whitlock.  
39880 Bryant Band.  
P., Lucia V. Nickerson.  
39881 Lincoln Band.  
P., Mary A. Billings.  
39882 Holmes Band.  
P., Katherine F. Allen.  
39883 Longfellow Band.  
P., Katherine L. Bragg.  
39884 Washington Band.  
P., Elsie V. Trask.  
39885 Uxbridge, Mass.  
High School Band.  
P., Miss Coletta Parker.  
39886 Lend-a-Hand Band.  
P., Grace M. White.  
39887 Florence Nightingale Bd.  
P., A. Edith Parker.  
39888 Mayflower Band.  
P., Mabel E. Cleveland.  
39889 Jail of Justice Band.  
P., Nettie J. McEwen.  
39890 Excelsior Band.  
P., M. E. Clarke.
- 39891 Hiawatha Band.  
P., A. C. Parker.  
39892 Little Red Riding Hood Bd.  
P., I. A. Telf.  
39893 Rutland, Mass.  
West School Band.  
P., M. M. Vose.  
39894 North School Band.  
P., Miss Burnham.  
39895 High School Band.  
P., Emma Taylor.  
39896 Florence Nightingale Bd.  
P., Jennie B. Haskell.  
39897 Clara Barton Band.  
P., Grace J. Alexander.  
39898 Hiawatha Band.  
P., Helen H. Jaques.  
39899 Williamsport, Pa.  
Home Band.  
P., Altha R. Adams.  
39900 Kansas City, Mo.  
Little Helpers Band.  
P., Lorena Moreland.  
39901 Mayview, Wash.  
Mayview Band.  
P., C. W. Cotton.  
39902 Harrisonburg, Va.  
Gen. Robert E. Lee Band.  
P., Miss Hortense Devier.  
39903 Caro, Mich.  
Junior C. E. Band.  
P., Mrs. F. E. Kelsey.  
39904 Detroit, Mich.  
Sunshine Circle Band.  
P., Edith Read.  
39905 New Whatcom, Wash.  
Silver Beach Band.  
P., Mrs. Kinyon.  
39906 Kansas City, Mo.  
Golden Rule Band.  
P., Mae Ollis.  
39907 Harrisonburg, Va.  
Early Helpers Band.  
P., Miss Bell Hanna.  
39908 Baltimore, Md.  
Star of Hope Band.  
P., Master Joe Sadler.  
39909 San Francisco, Cal.  
Everett Gram. School.  
No. 1 Band.  
P., Mr. E. Knowlton.  
39910 No. 2 Band.  
P., Miss E. U. Lindberg.  
39911 No. 3 Band.  
P., Miss N. Thersen.  
39912 No. 4 Band.  
P., Miss G. S. Wolf.  
39913 No. 5 Band.  
P., Miss J. Johnston.  
39914 No. 6 Band.  
P., Miss C. Gallagher.  
39915 No. 7 Band.  
P., Miss A. Grimm.  
39916 No. 8 Band.  
P., Miss M. Johnson.  
39917 No. 9 Band.  
P., Miss M. E. Devine.  
39918 No. 10 Band.  
P., Miss A. Quinn.  
39919 No. 11 Band.  
P., Miss E. J. Miller.  
39920 No. 12 Band.  
P., Miss I. M. Perl.  
39921 No. 13 Band.  
P., Miss C. Hart.  
39922 No. 14 Band.  
P., Miss M. B. Curry.  
39923 No. 15 Band.  
P., Miss K. Riley.  
39924 No. 16 Band.  
P., Miss A. J. Grauer.  
39925 Richmond Fr. School.  
No. 1 Band.  
P., Miss J. E. Goldman.  
39926 No. 2 Band.  
P., Miss Belle Ryan.  
39927 No. 3 Band.  
P., Miss F. J. Hitchens.  
39928 No. 4 Band.  
P., Miss Edna Cotrel.  
39929 No. 5 Band.  
P., Miss Anna Theobald.  
39930 No. 6 Band.  
P., Miss M. T. McDonnell.  
39931 No. 7 Band.  
P., Miss J. B. Hinds.  
39932 No. 8 Band.  
P., Miss M. A. Harrigan.  
39933 No. 9 Band.  
P., Miss L. M. Stark.  
39934 No. 10 Band.  
P., Miss K. E. Meighan.  
39935 Sherman Primary School.  
No. 1 Band.  
P., Miss M. E. Carson.  
39936 No. 2 Band.  
P., Miss J. A. Dwyer.  
39937 No. 3 Band.  
P., Miss M. O'Brien.  
39938 No. 4 Band.  
P., Miss A. H. Lyons.

BECAUSE WE SPOKE A  
KIND WORD FOR THE  
SPARROW.

We deeply regret to learn on this Jan. 23d, that because we deemed it a duty last spring to speak a kind word for the sparrow, we are hereafter to lose *two ten dollar subscriptions* which have hitherto aided us in protecting from cruelty God's lower creatures, which it has seemed our duty to endeavor to protect.

We think our friends would say that though a man of moderate means, the protection of animals has cost us during the past thirty years more than fifty thousand dollars, and probably from business chances offered us, a much larger sum, and we do most earnestly wish that we had the power to furnish all the money needed, but we have not, and are profoundly sorry when, for any cause, any person feels it a duty to withdraw help from this great and merciful work.

GEO. T. ANGELL.



THE HOME OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

[By courtesy of the Perry Pictures Co.]

## LITTLE WILD NEIGHBORS.

We would like to have read in all our Bands of Mercy the following from page 3 of our "Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals," which tells about *Thoreau*, and then,

What follows about our "Little Wild Neighbors:"

"In the life of a good man named Thoreau, who lived in Concord, Mass., a few years ago, and who was very kind to all God's harmless creatures, it is stated that even the 'fishes came into his hand when he dipped it into the stream; the little mice would come and playfully eat from his fingers, and the very moles paid him friendly visits. Sparrows alighted on his shoulders when he called them; Phoebe built their nests in his shed, and the wild partridge with her brood came and fed quietly beneath his window as he sat and looked at them.'

"After he had been two or three months in the woods the wild birds ceased to be afraid of him, and would come and perch on his shoulder, and sometimes on his spade when he was digging."

## LITTLE WILD NEIGHBORS.

[Read this to all the children.]

Let a human being go into the woods, as Henry D. Thoreau did at Walden Pond, and camp down among the birds and animals, with a heart as innocent of harm, as simple and loving as their own, and quickly the little creatures of the forest will adopt him into their common family. It seems unnecessary even that he should attract their attention or provoke their gratitude by making them offerings of food. If his heart is full of friendliness and companionship, they find it out very soon, and come to live beside him for pure sympathy's sake. If he chooses to feed them, they will accept the gift gratefully, as would any friend; but their affection is not purchased. They give it freely, and would continue to give, if their new friend and companion had never a crumb to fling them.

My observation teaches me that birds, especially, are perpetually hungering for and seeking the love and companionship of man. Even in spite of the general destructiveness of mankind, now the little tribes of the air flock to settled parts of the country and hover about human dwellings, deserting the safe depths of swamps and remote forests, to nest in the orchard, the grove, and the "deep tangled wildwood" that borders the edge of the farm. And all this out of pure longing for human companionship. I cannot help thinking, sometimes, when I hear a full-throated bird singing as if his heart would burst, in the grove back of my house, that he is really thanking me and mine for the cheaply-acquired privilege of living near us and being thrilled by the sweet sense of human companionship. He is so thankful we do not kill him and put him in a pie, and mount his skin upon our hats, that he pours out freely for us, all day long, a song that is sweeter and more soulful than many we have purchased the privilege of listening to.

Last fall, there was a sparrow that came two or three times a day and perched on the sill of the open pantry window, just to be chirped to by my wife. He was not physically hungry, for he seldom touched the crumbs we threw him—it was his little heart that was hungry, I think. He would always come at such times as my wife was accustomed to be in the pantry, and, lighting on the sill, would give a little shrill, interrogatory chirp, as much as to say:

"Good morning. How are you to-day?" Then my wife would chirp back to him, and he would flutter his little wings with delight, hopping back and forth and answering her talk with language as full of gratitude and affection as any I ever heard. It was a conversation well worth listening to, and often the whole household has stood, a pleased and smiling audience, just outside the pantry door.

It is said that a dog is a better intuitive judge of character than any human being, but I am sure that the little wild creatures of the woods and fields are equally good intuitive judges of disposition. There are some persons who constantly attract birds and animals to themselves by what we might, literally, call the magnetism of love.

A friend of mine, while tramping along a mountain road, last summer, sat down to rest on a log by the wayside. Presently, a bright-eyed red squirrel came "hitching" under the trunk of a spruce nearby, stopping to bark questioningly every few feet. My friend

simply sat still and watched the little fellow. Growing bolder, or rather, as I explain it, more assured of the disposition of the man on the log, the squirrel presently made a dash from the tree, skurried up on my friend's shoulder, bounded to the earth again, and ran off, "laughing," my friend says, "as distinctly and merrily as ever I heard any human being laugh." In two or three minutes he was back again, frisking about my friend's feet, and ended up by perching on the toe of his boot and chattering amiably at him.

Here was an instance of unerring perception of disposition on the part of one of the shyest of wood-creatures, and an evidence of the naturally friendly and loving characters of the little wild-folk about us. My friend is one of the gentlest and sweetest of men, and that squirrel divined the love in his heart and knew it would be both safe and sweet to make his pretty appeal to it.

It is not difficult to disarm the suspicion and distrust of any wild creature, if one be sincere and genuine in his friendly advances. A bird or animal quickly grows accustomed to the human presence, and, as soon as it sees that no harm is intended, learns to welcome it. Even a pair of nestling birds, at a time when distrust and fear are, naturally, uppermost in their hearts, will come to greet a really sympathetic visitor with chirps of joy instead of cries of fear. I remember a pair of thrushes whose hearts were well-nigh broken with distress when I first discovered their nest in the woods; but afterwards, the oftener I came and sat upon a knoll nearby the gladder they seemed to be; and I really think they felt a comforting sense of security when they flew away for a time and left their babes to my protection.

If we are right minded toward them, the out-door world is full of little creatures who will share with us the purest and sincerest and most delightful friendships. There is no treachery, no selfishness, no ulterior motive in their love. It is more like the affectionate and utter devotion of a child than the deliberating, reserved and cautious friendship of an older person. Thoreau found it an all-sufficient recompense for the absence of human society. But better still, if, without renouncing the attachments and companionships of our kind, we can add to them some charming friendships with the little wild-folk of wood and field.

Atlantic, Mass.

JAMES BUCKHAM,  
In New York Observer.



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Publications, \$10.00.

Interest, \$5.96.

Total, \$1192.67.

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